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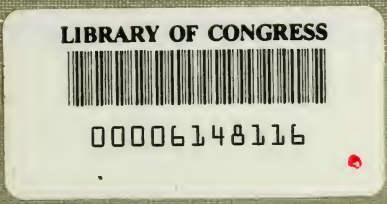

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"THE OLD SONGS"

A COLLECTION OF

NATIONAL AIRS

HYMNS OF PATRIOTISM

AND

Camp-Fire Melodies

COMPILED FOR THE

ST PAUL GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

30TH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT COMMITTEE

BY

THE COMMITTEE,

ST. PAUL

PRINTING CO.

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"THE OLD SONGS."

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free—
  Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King!

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

"A song for our banner" the watchward recall,
Which gave the Republic her station.
United we stand, divided we fall!
It made and preserves us a nation.
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever:
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of the union forever and ever;
The flag of the union forever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder:
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever:
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of the union forever and ever;
The flag of the union forever!

GLORY HALLELUJAH!

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on!

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union,
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union,
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union,
As we go marching along,
Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the Flag, boys, we'll
rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gath-
er from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom?

Chorus.

The Union forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the Traitor! up with the Star!
While we rally round the flag boys, rally
once again.
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

We spring to the call, of our brothers gone
before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll fill the vacant ranks, with a
million freemen more.
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
Chorus—The Union forever! &c.

We will welcome to our numbers the boys
all true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And although he may be poor, he shall,
never be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
Chorus—The Union for ever, &c.

So, we're springing to the call from the East
and from the west,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land
we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
Chorus—The Union for ever, &c.

By [illegible]

FEB 9 1916

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
  The sun gone down.
Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
  Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee.

And when on joyful wing,
  Cleaving to the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forget,
  Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus.

All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All around the little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

Chorus.

All the world is sad and dreary, &c.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I hear the bees a humming,
All around the comb?
When will I hear the banjo a tumming,
Down in my good, old home?

Chorus.

All the world is sad and dreary, &c.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections recalls them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew,
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
The old oaken bucket—the iron bound bucket—
The moss covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
And soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
And poised on the cord it inclined to my lips;
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips,
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy re-visit my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in his well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember, sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
That stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Takes the place of the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
That stood in the pathless wood?
And the button-ball tree, with its motley boughs,
That nigh the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
You would look for the tree in vain,
And where once the lords of the forest stood,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so cruel and grim?
And the shady nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry;
And of all the boys who were school-mates then,
There are only you and I!

HOME AGAIN.

Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore;
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.
Here I drop the parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam;
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laughed in glee;
But, oh! the friends I loved in youth,
Seem happier to me,
And if my guide should be the fate
Which bids me longer roam,
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.

Music sweet, music soft,
Lingers round the place;
And, oh! I feel the childhood charm,
That time cannot efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome,
For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.

THE LONE STARRY HOURS.

Oh! the lone starry hours give me, love,
When still is the beautiful night;
When the round laughing moon I see, love,
Peep through the clouds, silver white,
When no wind through the low woods sweep, love,
And I gaze on some bright rising star;
When the world is in dream and sleep, love,
Oh! wake while I touch my guitar!

'Till the red rosy morn grows bright, love,
Far away over the distant sea;
'Till the stars cease their gentle light, love,
Will I wait for a welcome from thee.
And oh! if that pleasure is thine, love,
We will wander together afar,
My heart shall be thine, thine mine, love,
Then wake, while I touch my guitar.

LANG SYNE.

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of old lang syne.

Chorus.

For old lang syne, my dear,
For old lang syne;
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For old lang syne.

And here's a hand my trusty friend,
Give me a hand of thine;
And we'll drink a glass to friendship's growth,
And days of old lang syne.

Chorus—For old lang syne, etc.

And surely you can drain your cup,
And surely I can mine;
And well take a right good parting drink,
For old lang syne.

Chorus—For old lang syne, etc.

LILLY DALE.

'Twas a calm still night,
When the moon's pale light
Shone o'er hill and vale;
When friends, mute with grief,
Stood around the death bed
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Chorus.

Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale!
Now the wild rose blossoms
O'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flowery vale.

I go, she said,
To the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where,
Near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.

Chorus—Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, etc.

'Neath the chestnut tree,
Where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth through the vale,
Where the birds shall warble
Their songs in Spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.

Chorus—Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, etc.

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

Chorus:

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

Chorus—In the sweet by and by, etc.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Chorus—In the sweet by and by, etc.

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.

Round the meadows am a-ringing
The darkies mournful song,
While the mocking-bird is singing,
Happy as the day is long.
Where the ivy is a-creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
There old massa is a-sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

Chorus:

Down in the corn field,
Hear that mournful sound,
All the darkies are a-weeping—
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

When the Autumn-leaves were falling,
When the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cause he was so weak and old.
Now the orange-tree is blooming,
On the sandy shore;
Now the summer days are coming,
Massa never calls no more.

Chorus—Down in the corn field, etc.

Massa made the darkies love him,
He always was so kind.
Now they sadly weep above him
Mourning for he leave them behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
So many tear drops flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Picking on the old banjo.

Chorus—Down in the corn field, etc.

ELLEN BAYNE.

Soft be thy slumbers: rude cares, depart!
Visions in numbers cheer thy young heart!
Dream on, while bright hours and fond hopes remain,
Blooming like smiling bowers for thee, Ellen Bayne.

Chorus:

Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,
Dreams of beauty around thee bide,
While I linger by thy side,
Sweet Ellen Bayne.

Dream not in anguish, dream not in fear:
Love shall not languish, fond ones are near—
Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain,
Warm hearts will beat for thee, sweet Ellen Bayne.

Chorus—Gentle slumbers, etc.

Scenes that have vanished smile on thee now,
Pleasures once banished play round thy brow—
Forms, long departed, greet thee again,
Soothing thy dreaming heart, sweet Ellen Bayne.

Chorus—Gentle slumbers, etc.

THE AMERICAN HYMN.

Speed our Republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right!
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

CHORUS.

Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue the armour of might!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

Foremost in battle for freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war cry, "We conquer or fall!"
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

CHORUS.

Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war cry, "We conquer or fall!"
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

Faithful and honest to friend and to foe
Willing to die in humanity's cause,
Thus we defy all tyrannical power,
While we contend for our Union and laws!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

CHORUS.

Thus we defy all tyrannical power,
While we contend for our Union and laws!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

Rise up, proud eagle! rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wings o'er the fair Western world!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,
Show that it still is for freedom unfurled.
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

CHORUS.

Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old;
Show that it still is for freedom unfurled;
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?

Mother, is the battle over?
Thousands have been slain, they say;
Is my father coming? Tell me:
Have our Soldiers gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded?
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you, tell me:
Will my father come again?

Mother dear, you're always sighing,
Since you, last, the paper read;
Tell me why you now are crying,
Why that cap is on your head?
Ah! I see, you cannot tell me;
Father's one among the slain—
Although he loved us very dearly,
He will never come again!

Yes, my boy, your noble father
Is one numbered with the slain—
We shall not see him more on earth,
But, in Heaven we'll meet again.
He died for the Union's glory;
Our day may not be far between—
But I hope, at the last moment,
That we all shall meet again.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, mother,
I'm thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave around me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell! mother, you may never,
Press me to your heart again,
But, oh! you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain!

Oh! I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave our Banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now, may God protect us, Mother,
As He always does the right!
Hear the "Battle-cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air!
Oh! yes, we'll rally round our Standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there! CHORUS.

DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE.

Dear mother, I remember well
The parting kiss you gave me,
When merry rang the village bell;
My heart was full of joy and glee;
I did not dream that one short year
Would crush the hopes that soar'd so high!
Oh! Mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS.

Call sister—brother—to my side,
And take your Soldier's last good-bye. good-bye;
Oh! Mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

Hark! Mother, 'tis the village bell—
I can no longer with you stay;
My Country calls: to arms! to arms!
The foe advance in fierce array!
The vision's past—I feel that now
For Country I can only sigh;
Oh! Mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills
  And o'er the moor that's sedgy;
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled,
  Since I have parted Peggy.
Whene'er I turn to view the place,
  The tears do fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace
  Of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well,
  When next to see doth move me;
The burning flames my heart doth tell,
  Since first she owned she loved me.
In search of some one fair and gay,
  Several doth remind me;
I know my darling loves me well,
  Though I left her behind me.

The bees shall lavish, make no store,
  And the dove become a ranger,
The fallen water cease to roar,
  Before I'll ever change her.
Each mutual promise faithfully made
  By her whom tears doth blind me,
And bless the hours I pass away
  With the girl I left behind me.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!
To arms, to arms, ye braves!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death.

O Liberty can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing,
To arms, to arms, ye braves!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O Columbia, the Gem of the ocean,
The home of the Brave and the Free:
The Shrine of each Patriot's devotion,
A World offers Homage to Thee!
Thy mandates makes Heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy Banners make Tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue:
Thy Banners make Tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The Ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With the garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her Flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.
The boast of the Red, etc.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim;
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the Star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true!
The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
Three cheers for the Red, etc.

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

I am thinking now of home, among my native hills,
And though afar through distant lands I roam,
The memories of the past my heart with longing fills,
To see the darling little ones at home.
Ah! now their forms I seem to see,
Far o'er the rolling ocean's foam,
And hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee;
Oh! I long to see the little ones at home.

Chorus.

The little ones at home, the little ones at home,
I long to see the little ones at home,
And hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee;
Oh! I long to see the little ones at home.

The moon looks mildly down, the same as of before,
And bathes the earth in flood of mellow light;
But its beams are not so bright upon this lonely shore,
As they seemed at home one year ago to-night.
Sadly my heart still turns to thee,
Wherever I may chance to roam;
I hear your voices ringing in merry childish glee,
Oh! I long to see my little ones at home.
The little ones at home, etc.

May guardian angels still their vigils o'er
thee keep,
May heaven's choicest blessings on thee
rest,
Till I am safely borne across the stormy
deep,
And meet again with those I love the best!
Soon, soon, your faces I shall see,
Never, never more from thee to roam;
Soon shall I hear your voices in merry
childish glee,
Proclaim the joyous welcome, welcome
home!

Chorus.

The little ones at home, the little ones at
home,
I long to see the little ones at home;
Soon shall I hear your voices in merry
childish glee,
Proclaim the joyous welcome, welcome
home.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilights last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantry streaming;
And the rocket's red glare the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there?
Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner still wave!
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foes haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceales, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream?
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner; Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should lead us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's polution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh! thus be it ever when freedom shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation!
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the Heaven rescued land
Praise the power that had made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW.

During one of our late battles among many other notable fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him, that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks: "Who will care for Mother now?"

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath;
All around me seems darkness:
Tell me, comrades, is this death;
Ah! how well I know your answer!
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for Mother, now?

Chorus.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for Mother, now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear,
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see—her
Kneeling, praying for me! how
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for Mother, now?

Chorus.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantel be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle!
I will like a soldier die—
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for Mother, now?

Chorus.

MARCHING ALONG,

The Army is gathering from near and from far,
The trumphet is sounding the call for the war;
Three cheers for our leader, he's gallant and strong,
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along!

Chorus.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor, and be marching along!
Three cheers for our leader, he's gallant and strong,
For God and our country we are marching along.

The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver, or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, and the Union our song,
With courage and faith, we are marching along.

Marching along, &c.

Our wives and our children we leave in your care,
We feel you will help them their sorrows to bear;
'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope it t'wont be long,
We'll keep up our hearts as we're marching along.

Marching along, &c.

We sigh for our country, we mourn for
our dead,
For them now, our last drop of blood we
will shed;
Our cause is the right one—our foe's in the
wrong,
Then gladly we'll sing as we're marching
along.

Marching along, &c.

The flag of our country is floating on high,
We'll stand by that flag, till we conquer
or die;
Three cheers for our leader, he's gallant
and strong,
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching
along.

Marching along, &c,

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home;
A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home!

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parants now think of her child;
She looks on that moon from her own cottage-door,
Through woodbines whose fragance shall cheer me no more.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

ORIGINAL YANKEE DOODLE.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin;
And there I saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so 'tarnal finey;
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemima.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And there they had a swamping gun,
As big as a log of maple,
On a duced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

I went as near to it myself,
As Jacob's underpinnin',
And father went as near again:
I thought the deuce was in him.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And there I saw a little keg,
  Its head was made of leather;
They knocked upon it with little sticks,
  To call the folks together.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And they'd fight away like fun,
  And play on cornstalk fiddles;
And some had ribbons red as blood,
  All bound around their middles.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
  And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death,
  To see them run such races.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Uncle Sam came there to change
  Some pancakes and some onions
For 'lasses-cakes to carry home
  To give his wife and young ones.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

But I can't tell you half I saw,
  They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
  And scampered home to mother.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship, and ties of flowers;
And true lover's knots, I wean.
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.

CHORUS.

The same canteen, my soldier friend,
The same canteen.
There's never a bond, old friend, like this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
Sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk,
But whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.
Chorus: The same canteen, &c.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green.
But I guess in their golden potations they miss,
The warmth of regard found in this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.
Chorus: The same canteen, &c.

We've shared our blankets and tent together,
And marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full, we've been,
Had days of battle, and days of rest,
But this mem'ry I cling to, and love the best,
We have drunk from the same canteen.
Chorus: The same canteen, &c.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope,
On which my faint spirit might lean.
O! then I remember, you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast, it seem'd both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen.
Chorus: The same canteen, &c.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! THE PRISONER'S HOPE.

In the prison-cell I sit,
Thinking, Mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away—
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay—

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching!
Cheer up! comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag,
We shall breath the air again,
Of the Free-land in our own beloved home.
Chorus: Tramp, tramp, &c.

In the battle front we stood,
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more;
But, before they reached our lines,
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of Vict'ry, o'er and o'er.
Tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

So, within the prison-cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.
Tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

HAIL COLUMBIA, HAPPY LAND!

Hail Columbia! happy land! hail, ye heroes! heaven born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast, ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus.

Firm united let us be, rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more, defend your rights, defend your shores.
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just, in heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice will prevail, and every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm united let us be, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of fame! let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom dear, listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill and god-like power, he
governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war! or guides, with ease, the
happier times of honest peace.
Firm united let us be, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands
again to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true, his
hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay, and
gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
resolved on death or liberty.
Firm united let us be, etc.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When, a year ago, we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

Chorus.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fire-side, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell,
How he strove to bear our Banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.

Chorus:

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only,
Sweeping o'er our heart strings now.
Sleep to-day, O early fallen!
In thy green and narrow bed;
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

Chorus:

WHEN JHONNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say,
With roses they will strew the way;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day—
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display—
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear!

Chorus.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace:
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said Good-bye!—
Chorus: Many are the hearts, etc.

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground·
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true, who've left their homes:
Others have been wounded long—
Chorus: Many are the hearts, etc.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground:
Many are lying near—
Some are dead, and some are dying—
Many are in tears!—

Chorus.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus:

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the Flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkies gobbled which our Commissary found!
How the sweet-potatoes even started from the ground!
While we were marching through Georgia.
Chorus: Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Yes, and there were Union men, who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking out in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Chorus: Hurrah! hurrah! etc

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never
reach the coast!
So the saucy Rebel's said; and 'twas a
handsome boast—
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with
the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Chorus: Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom
and her train,
Sixty miles of latitude—three hundred to
the main;
Treason fled before us—for resistance was
in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Chorus: Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die!

When reposing that night, on my pallet of straw,
By that wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw—
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamed it again.

Methought: from the battle-fields dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged me the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part
My little one kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice of my dreaming ear melted away.

VIVA L'AMERICA.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations, Columbia stands:
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise
"United we stand, divided we fall."
Union forever—freedom to all.

Chorus:

Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Viva l'America, home of the free!

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand;
Shame be his mem'ry, scorn be his lot,
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Granting a home and freedom to all.

Chorus:

To all her heroes, Justice and Fame,
To all her foes, a traitor's foul name;
Our "Stripes and Stars" still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of Liberty, flag of the brave.
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.

Chorus:

ELLSWORTH'S AVENGERS.

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble Chieftain,
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle,
And was first to fall!

Chorus:

Strike, Freemen, for the Union!
Sheath your swords no more,
While remains in arms a traitor,
On Columbia's shore!

Entering the traitor city,
With his soldiers true,
Leading up the Zouave columns,
Fixed became his view:
See: that rebel flag is floating
O'er yon building tall,
Spoke he, while his dark eye glistened:
Boys, that flag must fall! Chorus.

Quickly from its proud position
That base flag was torn,
Trampled 'neath the feet of Freemen,
Circling Ellsworth's form:
See him bear it down the landing,
Past the traitor's door;
Hear him groan: Oh God, they've shot him!
Ellsworth is no more. Chorus.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed,
  His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
  His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy, the veteran said,
  I bow to heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
  The Sword of Bunker Hill:
But quickly from yon antlers bring
  The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought: the soldier's eye
  Lit with sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
  He murmured Warren's name,
Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold,
  But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
  The Sword of Bunker Hill!
I leave yon, mark me, mark me now,
  The Sword of Bunker Hill!

'Twas on that dread immortal day,
  I dared the Britton's band:
A Captain raised his blade on me,
  I tore it from his hand:
And while the glorious battle raged,
  It lightened freedom's will!
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
  The Sword of Bunker Hill!
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
  The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh! keep the sword"—his accents broke.
A smile, and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill!
And twenty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill!

When This Cruel War Is Over.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet!
Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country,
Ever to be true.
Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain:
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying: that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing,
Mournfully, along!
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes thy song:
Oft in dreams, I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying:
Calling, but in vain—
Weeping, sad and lonely, etc.

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who loved you,
None to hear you call:
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain—
Weeping, sad and lonely, etc.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our Starry Banner,
Emblem of the free!
Weeping sad and lonely, etc.

WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM.

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more;
From Mississippi's winding stream,
And from New Englands shore.
We leave our ploughs and workshops,
Our wives and children dear;
With hearts too full of utterance,
With but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!

Chorus.

We are coming, we are coming,
Our Union to restore;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
With three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hill-tops,
That meet the Northern sky;
Long moving lines of rising dust,
Your vision may descry.
And now the wind, an instant,
Tears the cloudy veil aside;
And floats aloft our spangled flag,
In glory and in pride.
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,
And bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.
We are coming, &c.

If you look all up our valleys,
Where the growing harvests shine;
You may see our sturdy farmer boys,
Fast forming into line.
And children from their mother's knee,
Are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow,
Against their country's needs,
And a farewell group stands weeping
At every cottage door—
We are coming Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!
We are coming, &c.

You have called us and we're coming,
By Richmond's bloody tide;
To lay us down for freedom's sake,
Our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group
To wrench the murderous blade;
And in the face of foreign foes,
Its fragments to parade,
Six hundred thousand loyal men,
And true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!
We are coming, &c.

A UNION SHIP AND A UNION CREW.

A Union ship and a Union crew,
Tally hi ho, you know!
O, her flag is the flag of the red white and blue,
With the stars aloft and alow;
Her sails are spread for the Northern breeze,
And she dashes the spray from her prow,
For her flag is the proudest that floats o'er the seas,
And 'tis shining the lovelist now!
O, a Union ship, &c.

A Union ship and a Union Crew,
Tally hi ho, you know!
Every man aboard is a patriot true,
Whether placed aloft and alow!
Through the blackening shy and whistling wind
Are foretelling a Southern gale,
Not a lubber you'll see, not a skulker you find,
For the cry is, on deck there! a sail!
There are pirates astern, but we'll give them a shot—
To the guns aloft and alow!
A Union ship, &c.

A Union ship and a Union Crew,
Tally hi ho, you know!
To the soil of Freedom we'll ever be true—
Brave hearts aloft and alow!
Bearing down, comes the Rebel-ship, fierce with pride,

With her yellow Palmetto outspread;
But anon, she'll be swept from the foaming tide,
While the stars and stripes float o'erhead!
For we'll strike to no foe, while the free winds blow,
Or a man's left aloft or alow;
A Union Ship, &c.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

How can I bear to leave thee,
One parting kiss I give thee;
And then whate'er befalls me
I go where honor calls me.
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee;
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

I think of thee with longing,
Think thou, when tears are thronging,
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft, while dying,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright, in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn tops ripe and the meadows are in bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By 'n by hard times comes a knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady, Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart
With sorrow when all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, &c.

The head must bow, and the back will
have to bend,
Wherever this darkey may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will
end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary
load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days while we totter on the
road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good
night.
Weep no more my lady, &c.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for the forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Chorus—I'm coming, etc.

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Chorus—I'm coming, etc.

BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.
Bring back, bring back, bring back
my Bonnie to me,
Bring back, bring back, bring back
my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I drem't that my Bonnie was dead.
Chorus—Oh! bring back, etc,

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